

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The principle is now well established that a city has no legal right to pollute the water of a river which flows thence past other towns.

Forty years ago Theodore Parker predicted that before the end of the century Kansas would have 1,000,000 inhabitants and be worth \$1,000,000,000. The prediction has been more than fulfilled already. Kansas has 1,500,000 people and is worth \$2,000,000,000.

It is estimated that 50,000 letters, westward bound, were lost in the Pennsylvania Railroad wreck near Newport, Penn., a few days ago. What a record of high aims and low devices, self-sacrifice and self-seeking, poverty and wealth, happiness and misery, was thus wiped out! But it will all reappear in other sealed envelopes in the course of time.

A SINGLE American copper mine has already produced 74,000,000 pounds of copper this year, and it is expected that its total output for the year will reach 95,000,000 pounds. Its net profits last year are put at \$2,988,000. These exaggerated returns on a comparatively small investment are due primarily to the great demand for copper caused by the increasing use of electricity.

On account of the unprecedented corn crop and the consequent low prices expected, the question of the feasibility of using corn extensively as fuel is being widely discussed in the West. A Chicago man guarantees to supply corn for the elevated railroads to burn at less than their coal costs them. On the other hand, corn makes such a hot fire that it rapidly burns out ordinary stoves, and hitherto it has not found unqualified favor as fuel.

JOHN FISKE, the well known American writer on historical topics, says that "few people have the leisure to undertake a systematic and thorough study of history, but every one ought to find time to learn the principal features of the governments under which we live, and to get some inkling of the way in which these governments have come into existence, and of the causes which have made them what they are."

The late Queen of Korea was quite a pretty little woman of an extravagant disposition, but of much greater ability than her husband. She was fond of intrigue and excitement, and during the last few years her life has been full of both. Of all the foreigners at the court she liked the Russians best. The King is apparently not overburdened with grief, for "he is to be provided at once, without sign of mourning, with a new and less ambitious wife."

The young King of Spain saw his first fight the other day. His mother, who has a horror of the brutal sport, postponed the event as long as possible; but even she was unable to override the ancient court precedent that prescribes attendance on bull fights as part of the education of a Christian monarch. The little chap viewed the sport without betraying any enthusiasm, and departed without rewarding the successful matador, in accordance with custom. And some Spaniards, therefore, fear that he may bring discredit on his order and race by taking a stand against the national sport when he grows to man's estate.

The population of Japan was in 1894 42,000,000. Adding Formosa—which became a part of the country by the late treaty with China—the population is now 45,000,000. In the year 610 the population of the country was 4,988,842. The area of the country is 27,326 square miles. Compared in extent with European countries Japan stands next to Spain, being about equal to Sweden. She is larger than Great Britain and Ireland by 6,988 square miles, and is the eleventh largest country in the world. Compared with Great Britain and Ireland she has 7,100,000 more people, and in population ranks as the fifth power in the world.

The question of the influence of the size of seeds upon germination and upon the size of the plant that springs therefrom has been recently studied anew by Mr. B. R. Galloway, a summary of whose conclusions is given by the Gardeners' Chronicle. The weight and size of the seed are of great importance. A large seed germinates better and more quickly, and with it one can count upon having at the same moment from 85 to 90 per cent. of the total crop, while with small seeds the crop reaches maturity only in successive periods of time, so that at no moment in gathering the crop in toto could we have the same proportion of the whole. Besides, where with small seeds four successive crops are obtained, we have six with large seeds, their evolution occurring with greater rapidity.

THERE is no longer any doubt that the tide of emigration has turned. For two years, notably in 1894, immigration to the United States was held in check; in the year 1895 it has resumed its former volume. The increase is very apparent. During September the arrivals of immigrants in this country numbered 86,599, as against 24,904 in September, 1894. The nine months of the current year show an immigration of 249,882, as against 191,485 for the same period last year. The inference from these facts, exclaim the Boston Commonwealth, is gratifying; it is a proof of the reality of the prosperity which has returned to this country. These hundreds of thousands of emigrants were driven out of Europe by unusual distress in their native lands; they were attracted by better times in America. But their coming in such largely increased numbers imposes upon the United States the necessity of selection more forcibly than ever before. Our present laws assume to keep out the diseased, the criminal, the pauper, and, to a great extent, they are effective. But they need to be supplemented by laws which shall erect a barrier against ignorance, and shall enable the great American Republic to get the best, and only the best, from the peoples of Europe.

In the great outlay which George Vanderbilt is making at Biltmore, in North Carolina, the young mil-

lionaire has entertained a more serious purpose than is generally known, says the New York Sun. A great deal has been written about the enormous house, with its library, chapel, scores of bedrooms and the army of servants which will be required to keep it up, but not every one knows that Mr. Vanderbilt intends to make his estate a Mecca for all those who are seriously interested in the study of forestry, scientific farming and horticulture. He has land enough to carry out any scheme of this sort, as he can go 40 miles in a direct line from his own door without passing the confines of his domain. He proposes, therefore, to create a neighborhood of his own on this vast property, which includes, among other cultivated and uncultivated tracts, one forest alone of more than 100,000 acres. He will build a village containing houses, stores and a picturesque inn, and apartments will be rented to all properly-accredited students who desire to avail themselves of the facilities offered there for the study of the sciences which are his hobby. The farm will be conducted after the most approved scientific fashion, and forestry will be carried on experimentally and practically to an extent never before attempted in this country.

WHERE HE DREW THE LINE.

Why the Old Farmer Wouldn't Buy a Windmill.

The man who sold windmills adjusted his chair at a new angle, crossed his feet on the railing of the balcony, looked his hands over the top of his head, and began:

"Curious fellows, those Wayback farmers are; droll chaps to deal with, too, cute and sharp as a bargain. Most of them know a good thing when they see it, so I took a good many orders; but once in a while I come across a conservative old haysced who's eyes are closed to anything modern. One of that sort helped me to a good laugh the other day, and I might as well pass it on."

"He was a genial, white-headed old fellow, who owned several fine farms, with prime orchards and meadows, barns and fences in apple order, and dwellings serene in comfort."

"He listened closely while I expatiated on the excellence of our make of machines; then taking a fresh supply of Cavendish, he squared himself in his chair, with his hands in his pockets, and held forth in this fashion:

"Well, stranger, he said, 'your machine may be all right; but now see here. I settled here in the sixty fifties, broke the trail for the last few miles, blazin' the trees as we came along. I had a fair good start, good health, a yoke o' cattle, a cow, an ax, with one bit an' three coppers in my pocket. I built a log house with a shake ruff an' a puncheon floor, an' a cow-shed of popple poles ruffed with sod. I worked hard, up airily and down late, clearin' up land by degrees, an' diggin' a livin' out o' the sile by main strength, an' no favors except the blessin' o' the Almighty. The Lord's been good to me. He's giv' me housen an' barns; He's giv' me horses an' cattle; He's giv' me sheep an' swine, an' feathered fowl o' many kinds. An' now, stranger, after all that, I'll be everlastingly busted if I'll be so mean as to ask him to pump water for 'em.'"

"And then," continued the storyteller, "he brought his hand down on his knee with a whack that fairly echoed through the house. Of course I couldn't urge him to purchase after that expression of his sentiments, and I left him. Independent, wasn't he?"

Then the windmill man chuckled, as if he enjoyed the memory of the scene he had just described; and his hearers enjoyed his story so much that when he left he was richer by three or four orders.

Petrifying the Human Form.

It is stated that there are in existence a number of figures of petrified human beings prepared by an Italian specialist. His marvelous achievements in preserving the features of the dead have been the theme of discussion among scientists for many years. In the Florentine Museum there are some samples of his work. One of the most perfect examples of his skill has been in existence for sixty years. It was the head of an extremely beautiful young woman who had died from pulmonary tuberculosis. Its whereabouts has been for some time unknown, but the descendants of this great pastmaster in petrification have been searching diligently for it. It has been found in Bavaria and restored to its owners as one of the treasures of Italian anatomical science. Sixty years' use seems to have caused it no appreciable injury, as it is described by a writer as having luxuriant blonde hair quite wavy and soft like that of a living person.

Dogs and Their Friends.

It was Dr. John Brown of Edinboro, I think, who spoke in sincere sympathy of the man who "led a dog-less life." It was Mr. "Josh Billings," I know, who said that in the whole history of the world there is but one thing that money cannot buy, to wit the wag of a dog's tail. And it was Prof. John C. Van Dyke who declared the other day, in reviewing the artistic career of Landseer, that he made the dog too human. It was the great Creator himself who made dogs too human—so human that sometimes they put humanity to shame.

I have been the friend and confidant of three dogs, who helped to humanize me for the space of a quarter of a century, and who had souls to be saved. I am sure; and when I cross the Stygian River, I expect to find on the other shore a trio of dogs wagging their tails almost off in their joy at my coming, and with honest tongues hanging out to lick my hands and my feet. And then I am going, with these faithful, devoted dogs at my heels, to talk dogs over with Dr. John Brown, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Mr. Josh Billings.

She—I really don't think I shall take part again in theatricals; I always feel as though I were making a fool of myself. Me—Oh, everybody thinks that!

"I'm going to be President some day," said Willie, proudly. "Papa said I might."

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner in the Garden of Eden.

When the sound of the triangle had called the meeting to order, Brother Gardner slowly arose and looked up and down the aisles and said:

"If Calamity Bates am in dis hall dis evn'nin' he will please step dis way."

Calamity was there, and he promptly stepped out and advanced to the president's desk.

"Brudder Bates," continued the president as he looked down on him, "Yo' went ober to Brudder Shin's cabin t'other night to pass a soshul hour."

"Yes, sah," was the reply.

"Arter sum little talk 'bout free silber, sound money, an' de treasury reserve yo' awung de conversashun round to de ga'den of Eden. While Mrs. Shin sot dar wid her most open and Samuel was a soakin' his feet to cure de cold in his head, yo' went on to tell what you knowed 'bout dat ga'den. Yo' put de land at 100 acres. Yo' got in a ribber, two springs, a lake, and a grotto. Yo' had peaches an' pears 'an' plums an' grapes an' apples by de cart load. Yo' had birds singin' and possums runnin' 'bout. Yo' had chickens ready to be boiled, fried an' baked. Yo' had Adam whisin' an' Eve singin', and all was happiness an' joy."

"Yes, sah," replied Brother Bates, as he wondered what was coming.

"Brudder Shin hain't much of a hand to git excited ober ga'dens, as yo' kin tell by his own, but yo' went on so dat he finally got roused up an' axed yo' whar dis place was. Kin yo' member whar yo' located it?"

"I kin, sah. Dat ga'den was in Cuba, an' Ize bin right past de place fo' times."

"Didn't see Adam or Eve 'round dar, did yo'?"

"Deys was dead, sah."

"Wall, when Brudder Shin reckoned dat Ga'den was in Italy, what did yo' dun do? Called him names an' finally hit him on de jaw! Brudder Bates, I want to remark a few expresshuns to yo' an' I want 'em to surge right ober yo' libin' soul like waves, rollin' down Lake Erie. In de first place, yo' was jest as wrong as Brudder Shin 'bout de locashun of de Ga'den. In de next place, it am none of yo' bizness whar it was, how big it was, or what it looked like!"

"Yes, sah," was the reply. Mebbe dar was a Ga'den an' Mebbe not, Doan' consarn yo' neither way. If some white man, who hain't got nuffin' to do an' lots of money to do it on wants to go spoonin' 'round to find whar de Ga'den of Eden was, dat's his own bizness. Yo' is simply a common black man. Yo' airn 'bout six dollars a week, an' yo' am de fadder of fo' pairs o' twins. It cumes mighty hard fur yo' to pay rent an' git three meals a day. Yo' debts figger up mo' dan yo' kin save in 6,000 y'ars. De idea of yo' foolin' away time an' hittin' folks on de jaw 'bout de Ga'den of Eden am 'bout de biggest fool thing I eber heard of!"

"Doan' I want to know all 'bout it sah?" protested Brother Bates.

"What fur?"

"'What fur? git knowledge."

"'What yo' gwine to do wid knowledge?"

"He am knowledge 'bout sunthin' way back 6,000 y'ars ago gwine to pay yo' house rent an' keep shoes on yo' wife's feet? If yo' knowed whar Adam could jump six feet or ten, would dat buy codfish fur dem fo' pa' o' twins? If yo' knowed whar Eve had red ha' or black, would it help yo' to pay me back dem two dollars yo' borrowed ober two y'ars ago?"

"N—no, sah," stammered Brother Bates, beginning to weaken.

"Of, co'se it wouldn't! It would jest be a little mo' wind power fur argumint. It hain't yo' bizness nor my bizness, nor any odder black man's bizness to keer a continental cocked hat whar de Ga'den of Eden was on a side-hill or down in a valley; whether it took a thousand y'ars to build de Pyramids of Egypt, or only fifty; whether dis yere airth was all kivvered wid water six times or only twice; whether de planets am inhabited or all growed up to scrub; whether dis globe was made in six days or 10,000 y'ars. None of us want to go back furder dan to remember what debts we owe an' why we dun hain't paid up. Our bizness am to look ahead. If we knowed a man who's gwine to let out de job of whitewashing' 200 feet of bo' fence it concerns us a heap mo' den Noah's ark eber need to. Brudder Bates!"

"Yes, sah."

"Yo' go an' sot down, an' sot down hard! I shall fine yo' \$8,850 fur discussin' religius matters contrary to de by laws, an' I want dis to be a caution to all other members as well. 'Bout half of our oul'd folks' religius consists in openin' our moufs an' gulpin' down de past, an' a good sheer of de odder half am devoted to argufyin' 'bout what we doan' know, can't know an' doan' want to know 'bout de present an' fucher. What we want in general an' in pertikular am less religun an' mo' gittin' up up airly in de mawnin'—less Ga'den of Eden an' mo' 'taters in de house—less Adam and Eve an' mo' bacon an' codfish. We will open one of de alley windmills to let dat smell of burnin' wool git out of de hall an' den proceed to tackle de programme of reg'lar bizness."

"Would an appeal be in order at dis juncture, sah?" asked the Rev. Penstock as he arose.

"What sort of an appeal?" queried the president in reply.

"An' appeal from yo' deeshun, sah. 'Pears to me dat if de members of dis club wish to discuss religius subjecks in deir own homes de rules an' regulashuns can't stop 'em."

"Do yo' wish to appeal from my deeshun, sah?"

"Why, I reckon—"

"Hold on a minit, Brudder Penstock!" said Brother Gardner as he began removing coat, vest, cuffs and collar. "Now, sah, go ahead wid dat appeal!"

"I—I hain't got no appeal to make!" replied Penstock as he sat down.

"Oh! Yo' hain't! An appeal am allus in order in dis club. P'aps some odder members wants to kick again de deeshun of dis cha'r?"

No other member did. For sixty seconds Paradise hall was so quiet that Elder Toots' bunion could be heard to ache. Then, as he proceeded to resume his garments the president said:

"I doan' say dat members can't discuss religius subjecks at home, but when such discussuns result in somebody bein' hit on de jaw den I shall take a hand in. Brudder Watkins, riz up dat winder back of yo', and Brudder Shin, yo' put sum lemon-peel on de stove to kill off de microbes floatin' 'round us."

Supreme Moment in a Launch.

That a launch is a matter of mathematics, as well as of great skill and labor is shown by the fact that the man of science who has the matter in charge always makes a set of calculations showing the strain on the ship and its precise condition at practically every foot of the journey down the ways. If a boat should get in the way, or if it should take an unusual length of time to knock out the keel-blocks, or if any one of half-a-dozen things should cause serious delay, the scientific man knows just how long he can wait, and just how far the limit of safety extends.

There is always one supreme moment in a launch, and it is at a time that escapes the average spectator. It is when the vessel gets fairly well into the water. This is when an important factor known as the "moment of buoyancy" comes into play. If you can imagine a vessel sliding down an incline without any water into which to drop you can see that the vessel would tip down suddenly at the end which has left the ways, and would rise at the end still on the incline. But really, in successful launches, the stern of the vessel is gradually lifted up by the water, and this throws the weight forward on that part of the ship still resting on the ways. The force of the water is called the "moment of buoyancy," and the natural tendency of the ship to drop to the bottom of the stream is called the "moment of weight." Now the moment of buoyancy must always be greater than the moment of weight, for if it were it would throw too much weight forward on the part of the ship still on the ways and might break them down, or injure the plates or keel of the ship. When the great English battle-ship Ramillies was launched, this did really happen, and so great was the strain near the bow that parts of the cradle were actually pushed right into the bottom of the vessel. It is this danger of disaster that causes the scientific launcher to make the most careful calculations, as to the conditions surrounding the ship at every foot of her journey into the water.

All Are Without Fingers.

In a Lincolnshire village in England lives a family who suffer under the curious deformity of being fingerless. This peculiarity, says Pearson's Weekly, does not appear to be one of those freaks of nature which may appear in one individual and not be transmitted to the next generation.

From what can be learned, the singularity has existed in the family so far as history or tradition extends, and there seems at present no signs of its dying out, as the grandfathers are as devoid of fingers as their grandsons.

The hands of this remarkable family present the appearance of having had the fingers amputated or chopped off roughly and unevenly below the second joint, leaving a short stump. There is no nail or hard substance, and were it not for the absence of anything like a clacicle a casual observer would conclude that the defect was due to an accident; but, as though nature had attempted to compensate for the absence of fingers, the thumbs are abnormally large and strong.

The family are in other respects fully endowed by nature and do not appear to suffer the disadvantages the absence of fingers might be expected to entail. One of the daughters, aged 20, can write, sew, knit, and is in every way as dexterous and accomplished as other girls of her age and station. When asked if she "did not find it awkward to be fingerless," she replied:

"No! If you had never had fingers, you would not know you needed them."

The only drawback that seems to be occasioned is the curiosity the absence of fingers evokes from strangers.

Absorbable Tissue For Wounds.

J. Lustok has patented a process in Germany under which the muscular coating of the intestines of animals is dissected of both the interior and exterior layers of mucous membrane, and then digested in a peptin solution until the muscular fibres are half digested. This is then treated with tannin and gallic acid. The result is a tissue which can take the place of the natural skin, and which, when laid on the wound, is entirely absorbed during the healing process.

Sedentary Occupations.

A writer in La Medicine Modern asserts that sedentary occupations predispose to tuberculosis more than any others. Italian and English statistics show, he says, that there are 450 deaths per 1000 from this disease among students, seminarists and young clergymen; while farmers, boatmen and mountaineers enjoy almost complete immunity from it.

The Dog Found His Roll.

R. J. Storck, of Keyport, N. J., lost a large sum of money in a roll a few days ago. Search for it was vain, and Dr. Storck gave up all hopes of ever seeing it again, when he was astonished to see his dog running towards him and wagging his tail with the money in his mouth. The roll was intact. Where the dog found it never will be known.

Dyeing Grasses.

Dyes for grasses are prepared as follows: For red, boil together in warm water some logwood and alum. For pink use logwood and ammonia. After drying the grass dip it into weak gum-water, so as to keep it together nicely. The pampus grass is quite easy to treat as above.

THE TALLEST MAN.

He Was a Californian and Lived Centuries Ago.

The corpse of the biggest man that ever lived has been dug up near San Diego, Cal. At all events there is no satisfactory record in ancient or modern history of any human being nearly so tall. The mummy—for in such a condition the remains were found—is that of a person who must have been about nine feet high in life. This makes allowance for a shrinkage, which may be pretty closely calculated. As to accuracy in the estimate there can be no question, inasmuch as the cadaver has been carefully inspected and measured by Professor Thomas Wilson, Curator of the Department of Prehistoric Anthropology in the Smithsonian Institution, and other scientists. The tape-line even now registers the length from heel to top of head at eight feet four inches.

The mummy is that of an Indian, and is almost certainly prehistoric, although its age cannot be determined with any sort of accuracy. Historical records of the part of California, where it was found go back for at least 250 years, and they make no mention of any man of gigantic stature. How much older the body may be must be left open to conjecture. Its preservation is no matter for surprise. In that arid region the atmospheric conditions are such that a corpse buried in the dry season might very well become perfectly desiccated before the arrival of the rains and thus become rendered perfectly proof against decay.

The body was found in a cave by a party of prospectors. It is in an excellent state of preservation. The spine has shrunk considerably, being thus reduced in length by reason of the drying of the cartilage between the vertebrae. The knees are somewhat bent. Over the head are the remains of a leather hood, which seems to have been part of a garment used for the purpose of a shroud. The man was well advanced in years, as is shown by the worn condition of the teeth.

It has been stated that the individual must have surpassed in height any giant of whom there is historical record. This is true unquestionably, so far as the last two centuries are concerned, and accounts of older dates are not at all well authenticated. Indeed, they grow more apocryphal as distance of time increases, until they merge into the fabulous stories of antiquity when there was no science or exact knowledge and nothing was too incredible to be believed. It is a fact that most races of men have entertained a notion to the effect that their own ancestors were giants.

A One Armed Typewriter.

A man who can do with one hand work that ordinarily requires two well-trained hands deserves recognition.

There is in Kansas City a man with only one arm who uses a typewriter and makes a living with it. His name is John W. Young. He is the private secretary and stenographer for General Manager A. F. Nathan, of Schwarzhild & Sulzberger's packing-house in Armour's employ, and also telegraph operator for the company. He has been in the employ of Mr. Nathan for four years. He came with a recommendation from a friend.

Mr. Nathan, seeing that Young's left sleeve hung empty at his side, said there must be a mistake as he wanted a stenographer. "Try me," said Young, "and if I do not meet the requirements I will retire." Mr. Nathan did try him, and was so pleased with Young's work that he made him his own private stenographer, which position he still holds, in connection with his position as telegrapher.

Young is very fond of hunting, and the loss of his arm does not bar him from his pleasures. He is an excellent shot. Two men are required to do his work while he is away. Young is twenty-four years old and unmarried.

Savage Costs of Arms.

One of the astonishing affinities that much reduced, and the last degree of vulgar barbarism is the costs of arms, exists between an old civilization. The inherited shields of the proudest families of Great Britain have designs that "are borrowed" as Figaro remarks, "from the costume of the aborigines of New Zealand. One day a Maori remarked the seal of an officer of the British marine. The Englishman explained to the savage that the signet was the mark of his family, handed down through generations and continued with some explanations of the meaning of the various parts of the design, according to the art of heraldry, giving an idea of the reason for the use of armorial bearings. What was his surprise and chagrin, when he had finished, to hear the Maori declare: "So it is the moko of your family which you have attached to your finger!" And the savage offered himself as the officer's friend, had won in war the right to armorial bearings! After each important battle the warriors of New Zealand, according to custom, received for bravery "mokes" or marks, which they and their descendants were entitled to wear in token of deeds of exceptional service.

The Young Widow.

A curious incident varied the monotony of official duty in the Chicago license bureau the other day. "I must have the written consent of the young woman's parents, as she is under legal age, before I can issue a license for you," said the clerk to John A. White, who wished to wed Lena Collins, 17 years old. "But she has been married before," exclaimed the applicant. "She is Mrs. Lena Collins. That makes the parents' consent unnecessary." The clerk looked surprised, and the expectant groom explained that his fiancée was married when 14 years old to a man who lost his life in an accident in the world's fair grounds. To be wife and widow at 14, and a bride again at 17, is an experience such as seldom falls to girls in this country. If a dogberry had been in charge he would still have contended that consent of parents or guardians was necessary. The experience a girl has in getting married does not make the girl older or change the law.

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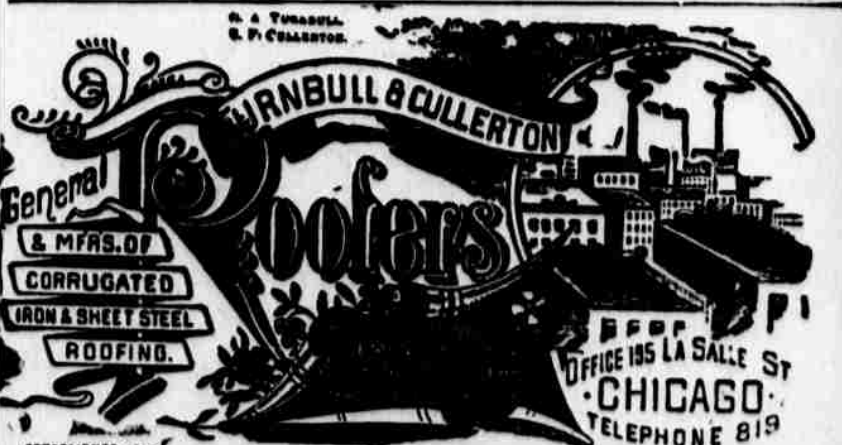
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